

RHETORIC

Vol. 2 No. 11

April 30, 1976



Opening the doors to McKay

The Rhetoric cameras train their jaundiced eye at the McKay Campus School. Is the McKay experiment worthwhile or worthless?

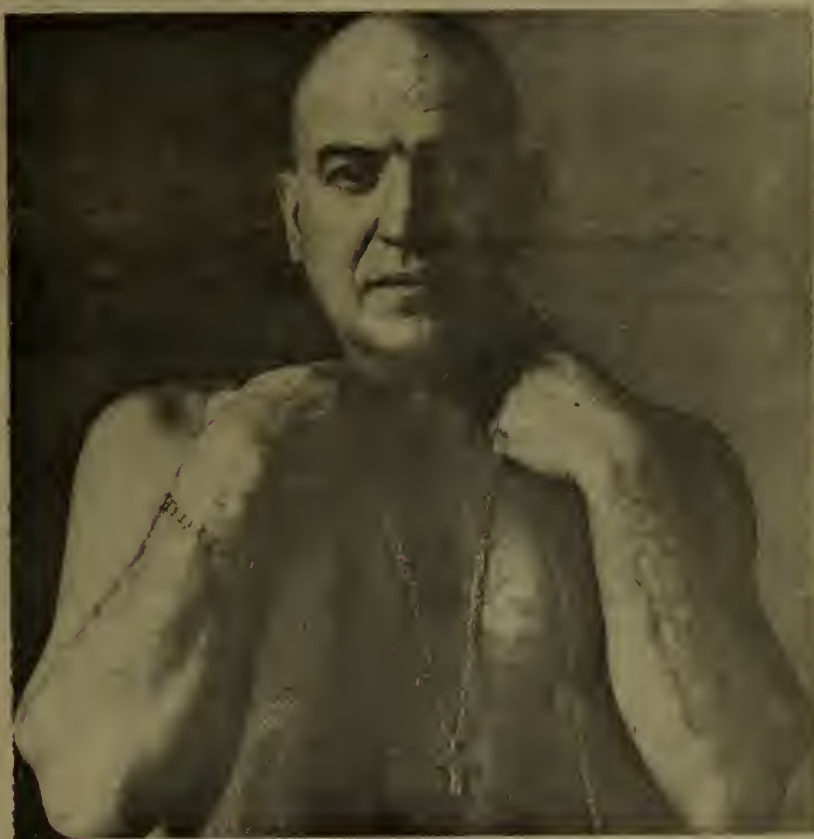
In the photograph on the right, Telly Savalas oozes with macho charm.



The Blackwidow and Spider

Was the tragic shooting death of Vladimir ("Spider") Sabich an accident or was it murder in cold blood? On page read an exclusive Rhetoric interview with Spider Sabich.

Telly Savales is a good friend of Claudine Longet.



The also rans

Obviously, everybody did not win in the recently held S.G.A. elections. Rhetoric takes a long look at a few of the losers and offers insightful explanations on why they lost.

On the left, Telly Savales tightens his cravat.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

... AND OTHER PEOPLE



MAD AT WALKOWICZ

Dear S. Walkowicz

We the parents of Weird Anthony (a beautiful nine year old retarded boy) wish to comment on your October 24 issue of Rhetoric. We would have responded sooner but Weird Anthony ate our typewriter.

Bigoted overtones were very evident in an article, entitled "Jobs for You", in which you directed a horrible, vulgar tirade against retarded human beings. The fact that such people do exist is a tragedy. To find the college newspaper offering such hurtful material is nevertheless alarming. How can we allow such "rhetoric" to be presented as representative of our level of intellectual and emotional development?

Our Weird Anthony drools, has fits, talks to telephone poles, and eats an occasional lamp not because he wants to be ridiculed by college students, but because he was never given a choice to do otherwise. We worked him over with a Black & Decker power saw when he was just a wee little tike. Having close contact with many retarded human beings, we often ask whose minds are more whole. That issue of the Rhetoric convinced us that in some instances, the wrong people are "wacko".

Some writers, like yourself, seem to find it difficult to distinguish the difference between humorous satire and expressions of bigotry. Perhaps you should consider the impact of your writing. Or better yet, why not drop by the house and discover the impact of a Black & Decker sledge hammer upon your head!

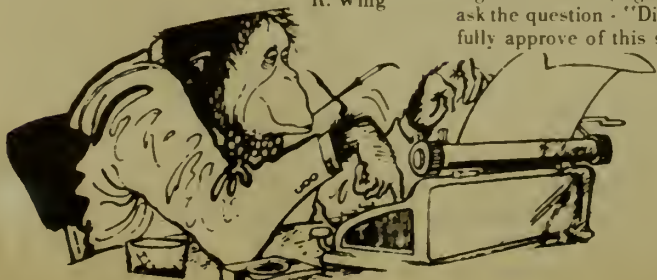
Sincerely
Sheldon Feldon
Norma Feldon

LET'S GET SERIOUS

Dear Editor

Your paper might seek to improve itself by eliminating much of the numerous satirical nonsense. Life is already too comically inane. The paper should be more serious.

Sincerely
R. Wing



LET'S NOT GET SERIOUS

Dear Editor

There is entirely too much seriousness exhibited in the Rhetoric. The world is already too serious. What you should do is sponsor more insanely, witty, satirical articles.

Sincerely
A.E. Newman

STUDENT INSTRUCTIONS FOR REGISTRATION FALL SEMESTER 1976

Dear Student

You are one of approximately 3000 undergraduate students who will register for Fall Semester classes during these next few weeks. You can help us proceed effectively through the registration process if you will kindly adhere to the following regulations and schedule.

1. Pick up a copy of the Master Schedule and Course Request Form from your departmental advisor. If your departmental advisor is available pick up your departmental advisor. If you do not know who your departmental advisor is consult your department chairman. If you do not know who your department chairman is consult your departmental advisor. Do not mutilate the master schedule.

2. Your selection of courses must be approved and signed by your faculty advisor. If for any reason your faculty advisor fails to approve and/or sign your course request form you will be permitted to forge his signature. Do not mutilate your faculty advisor.

3. When your schedule has been approved by your faculty advisor bring it, along with your I.D. card, your advisor's first born male child, and 20 % of your harvest to the Behavioral Science Auditorium for completion and clearance.

4. You must present your official student identification (I.D.) card along with your course request form to the Registrar's staff (Registrar's staff). A member of the registrar's staff (registrar's staff) will then ask the question - "Did your faculty advisor fully approve of this schedule?"; to which

you must immediately reply with glowing pride, "Look, I did not mutilate my master schedule". The member of the registrar's staff (registrar's staff) will then pat you on the head and reward you with a brightly colored token.

5. We recommend that you choose alternate courses and an alternate college (Pepperdine comes well recommended) in case your course choices unfortunately became unavailable.

6. Do not mutilate George J. Aziz.
Good luck
The Office of the Registrar

I AM WOMAN

Dear Editor:

I am a lady; I like being a lady, and I do not approve of Women's libbers. I am content with things as they are and do not want equal rights. My future plans include sky diving and becoming president. I read Ladies Home Journal and love to cook, sew and love a man. . . any man. I am running away from home tomorrow; my parents do not understand me, and Andy and I will thumb cross country. I wonder why women would want to change anything; living forever in 1812 would be nice. My favorite clothes are shorts, halters and no-bra. Women should not burn bras on city streets. I do not want to join any Women's groups, I am OK. I quit my job because they kept laughing at me and refusing to give me a raise; I was doing all the work in the office while the others, Bob, Jim and Fred, hung around the coffee machine for \$2,500.00 per year. I never did understand that. I'd like to see more recipes in the Rhetoric; things for my kind of old fashioned woman.

Vanity Faire

JAIL MAIL

I am presently incarcerated in this prison in California. Except for my interest in a boy down the hall, there is very little here to occupy my time. I would love to exchange letters with anyone.

Please write.

Fruccio Buyloussi
John Wilkes Booth Memorial Prison
California

PLAY BOWELL!

Dear Editor

Apathy man, what is it and why is it into F.S.C.? This place is like asleep man and nobody can do anything but snore! The grievous terrors of acrimonious, rankling reality abound, flourish and threaten to encircle us with a relentless, malignant stench, like stale urine on wormwood! Wake up to the realities people! Big Brother is watching! Let's get it on man, and recognize the appalling monsters that RAVAGE at our bowells! Hey the earth is on fire and like do we have to wait until the flames consume us before we run from the intense heat? The oozing carbuncles of this diseased earth will not disappear by themselves! Let us go forth, people, and bravely combat the Cyclopien creature, apathy! Get out there and support F.S.C.'S baseball team!

Sincerely
Peter M. Godfrey
1st baseman
For the F.S.C. Falcons

ARE YOU AWARE THAT YOU ARE NOT AWARE

Dear Editor:

Your paper is not politically aware. I do not see why a publication operating out of a really neat basement office with blue walls with so much non-existent equipment and no phone has not made itself a more definitive voice on this campus. I have seen staff members (both of them) doing stupid things like going to class, eating and going to work. . . even relaxing sometimes. . . when there are important stories to be covered. . . like, WHERE AM I GOING TO PARK MY CAR? After all, I live 3 streets away, and can not be expected to walk. . . it would ruin my image. How about getting involved in controversial issues. . . take a stand. . . cause trouble. . . get arrested. . . get your funds cut off. . . that would prove you are a real newspaper. Otherwise, I will continue to criticize and not help as long as I am a student here. . . another 5 or 6 years at least.

Baby Huey

NO INTEREST

Dear Editor:

I am tired of opening up the Rhetoric and finding nothing of interest to me. My interests are nepotism, early choir fixtures and demonic art. Please remember that the student body is composed of many different sorts of people and you must please all of them at all times. . . without offending anybody; make us laugh, make us cry, inform us, interest all of us. . . do it now and do it good. . . or we will destroy you.

Love, A.E. Houseboy

BITING CRITICISM

Dear Editor

I think that you guys on the Rhetoric staff bite it, and that you are failing the needs of this campus! The job of the newspaper should be to inform the students and tell them what's going on around here. Since no one at F.S.C. seems to know anything, it would appear that the blame must fall on you. We want to know what S.G.A. is up to; what the deans had for breakfast; and what's happening at our Pub. We don't give a shit about poetry, satire, or silly pornographic smut. Get off your effete asses and dig for a few hard news stories! Enough with the cynical wit and snide immaturity! Make the Rhetoric a factual newspaper and not a foolhardy flyer!

Sincerely
an angry Person

Ed. Note: S.G.A. isn't doing anything; the deans eat oatmeal; and people are still getting drunk.

MARCIA'S CHERRY

Dear Editor:

I am a registered male chauvinist and I love the running battle between the sexes you encourage thru your paper. I also love the running faucets in my grandmothers bathroom and mom's apple pie, dad's cherry blend, Marcia's cherry, and occasionally, little boys. I do not believe there is any discrimination here at FSC, but some of us who care are trying to start some.

Han D. Wrap, President, Males for Supremacy, Inc.

PERFECTLY ANONYMOUS

Sometimes I get so desperately tired of this hideous game, this pitiful performance that I just want to curl up into a fetal ball and let the moon and the sun paint pictures on my mad actor's face. I'm weary of corridors, canyons and crowds, music tests and contests, make-up and waking up alone. I'm fed up with being spoonfed horseshit and bullshit, half truths and whole lies, meaningful glances and meaningless lines. I've had it with mind games and name games, tame games and sex games, war games and pain games. I'm petrified in rhetoric and marred by the gift of sensitivity. I'm starved of everyman's pleasure and yet; I'm pleased that everyman is not me.



Newman news



I said to the almond tree
"Sister, speak to me of God."
And the almond tree blossomed.

Wine and Word lecture series

May 1 — Life and Death issues: Contraception, abortion, euthanasia, Tupperware parties.

May 8 — Are you on speaking terms with God? Have you had him over to dinner lately?

May 14 — Original sin in domestic animals and what Stavros Milos did with the Lamb of God.

May 19 — Honouring thy father and thy mother through the construction of lawn statues.

May 23 — How to recognize the Devil and tell whether or not he's in a good mood.

May 27 — Learning about God through the careful analysis of Billy Graham's golf game.

Look alike contest winners announced

Last September, Rhetoric began its marathon "Do You Look Like A Dean" contest. After viewing thousands of photographs and screening hundreds of contestants in person, a special panel of judges recently revealed the contest winners. From those thousands of applicants, the panel of esteemed judges selected as looking most like a dean, Martel Thibedeau and his younger sister Erna Beth Thibedeau.

The Thibedeau's picture below in casual poses, were awarded salaries of \$25,000 a year.



Erna Beth Thibedeau



Martel Thibedeau

Thinking about
intercourse with
a football helmet?

We'll send you a
full-color catalogue
with informa-
tion on how to
get all 28 NFL
football helmets
at reasonable
rates.



Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Age _____ Grade _____ Phone _____

Love is



a glow job

Shopping for a major?

by Staff Germs

When it comes to impressive curriculums, FSC is NOT to be sneezed at; we feel that our well qualified staff of brilliant brains and intense intellects have been too long overlooked by those who are awed by the big name universities. FSC is not to be outdone - undone - or overdone. So, for those of you who have looked down your noses (or blown them) at this college - here in bold black print is the long awaited defense of FSC; a rigorously researched look into the point purpose of FSC's departments; read and learn.



Students, teachers let down hair at Special Ed Club Bicentennial bash

Special Ed

In the past this publication has been guilty of joining in the forbidden gaity during national make fun of the handicapped week, the reactions were such that we now tread softly on the subject of human beings with abnormal minds; unfortunately, this does not help, they still cannot read or write, however, with the inception of this department here and all over the country at other colleges there is hope for the retarded child. He may be taught many things; to fetch and carry, sit up and beg, and perhaps even aspire to many things he can never have. As Dr. J.M. Schlickelgrueber pointed out, the possibilities for this area of study are without limit, and he optimistically noted that, as long as middle aged couples, drug addicts and subnormal individuals continue to reproduce, the job market will be open for graduates of Special Ed. We were all encouraged by this optimistic statement, as we feel certain that the birthrate will remain steady among such potential producers, and look forward to all the new and innovative ways that our educational system will devise to train and regulate the mentally retarded. Why, they could create an army of strong, silent supermen with the intellect of rudibagas and take over the world; funny, it seems that someone tried that once before and it almost worked. Well, we shall see.

Nursing

It is generally agreed that nursing graduates for the next few years at least will have no trouble getting jobs. Even now, a nurses stockpile is being avoided by keeping the enrollment down, and only a small percentage of applicants into this program are accepted. The rest, those denied admission to nursing school, end up in veterinary school, where they thumb their noses at the bedpan brigade. But some wait years to be allowed into the elite fold of starched white and squeaky shoes that man the hospitals and doctors offices of this great land. The nursing student spends four long years learning his formulae, his A's and B's and C's, graduates with honors and frustrations, and immediately begins employment in the local hospital. In such cases the individual is undoubtedly doing what he or she enjoys most, spoonfeeding octogenarians, giving hypos to hypochondriacs and bowing to the East when a real live physician comes into their presence. RN's are allowed to read and interpret the hieroglyphics written by the attending physicians, spend hours listening to patients woes, run up and down endless corridors after non-existent supplies, and administer medications to people who neither want nor need to be awakened at 3 a.m. to take a sleeping pill. Career men and women, college trained professionals, these white slaves are coming now into their own. Long a traditional area for women ("What do you want to be, Suzie?" "I want to be a doctor, Mommy". "Nonsense, Dear, men become doctors, women are nurses". "OK, then I'll be a nurse, OK, Mommy?") this field is now attracting males. One male nursing student here commented that he was very glad to be in the program. "The women are crazy about uniforms" he said.

Sociology Department

Dr. Learned E. Mann, head of this interesting and diverse department here, received us in his usual warm and welcoming manner; glowering sweetly he invited us to sit in the boiler room, offered us some bubbling brew, and proceeded to outline in vivid and exciting detail what a day in the life of a sociologist might be like. The sociologist does not rise and brush his teeth and comb his hair like your ordinary Joe; First, he must decide which side of the bed will be best accomodate his first footfalls of the day, an important factor in determining whether or not he starts off on the wrong foot. After that, he must maintain strict control of his eating habits at breakfast lest he be guilty of stimulus gratification; Next, our sociologist starts out to check his traps for subjects, armed with a high powered questionnaire and 20-20 lead shot pencils. His enjoyment of the countryside is analyzed on a minimileage computer he carries strapped to his back at all times, he records his thoughts on the tape recorder in his pocket, and takes candid snapshots of birds, flowers and bees to complete his profile for the day. We were very impressed; this sounds like a job for all of us...or superman...or underdog...or somebody. What are the qualifications for such employment, we wonder. Dr. Mann harrumphs a little; obviously such vulgar people as we are not suitable for work such as this, but he tries to be polite and suggests that the top secret password will be our first clue, but we must keep our eyes open and our pens ready. Anyway, he was quite optimistic about the opportunities for graduates in this area, having placed some students in positions as bookkeeping counsellors, census takers, re. typists and birdwatchers. In Industry, the possibilities are endless; company spies, inspection engineers, and moulding machine operators are only a few.



Elementary and Secondary Ed

Like two peas in a pod, these areas of study go together like a horse and carriage. Students in these curricula are trained to mold the minds of children, introducing learning in a palatable and some fun manner. We spoke with Ms. Tannis McIntosh, an Elementary Ed prof. who felt that the new teaching methods were just goshohgoolly nice and she invited us to sit in on a session with one of her student teachers. The subject was IA in the Elementary, which is nothing like IA in the secondary, nor at all like ABC in the Elementary, but quite a new and different concept where children learn to destroy buildings, systematically from the inside so that the shell remains standing until the last possible moment, being hauled down with singing and dancing when all but the old and infirm have left the structure. It's ooddles of fun and so useful. We next observed a music class where an overweight Julie Andrews type was running about the room like a walrus with the hives trying to

interest 33 gum chewing third graders from North Street in singing "Oh, What a beautiful morning." We left because we are squeamish about violence. The high schools were more interesting; spitballs flew around the head of a student English instructor; the rest of the instructor was on the sidewalk three stories down. In the hallways, chaos reined, and it was a good thing as both Chaos and his horse were just about to run us down. We left. What about the job market for these budding Mr. Kotters, we inquired. Excellent, we were told; there are multiple openings in such luxury spots as downtown Podunk, outer Zambana, Africa, and the Himalayas. But what about this area, we pursued; and Dr. E. Z. Mark, head of the Ed. department, shook his shaggy mane and pointed thumbs down, but added that he was still seeking new recruits for his major; when asked why this was so, the old man took out a picture of his wife and family and began to cry. We left.



Dr. Fondue, Anabelle R. Madillo and another stooge exchange meaningful rapport at weekly Psychology Conference.

Psychology

To get a slant on this department, we interviewed Dr. Fred Fondue, B.S., M.K., L.S.D., a graduate of FSC, NYU, and FDS; formerly the head of the psych. dept., Dr. Fondue is now a janitor here; the hours, the money and the prestige are better, he says. But Dr. Fondue still teaches classes, lecturing at Weston at odd hours (2 a.m., 4 p.m. on Sunday and all hours summers and holidays) and writing papers during his lunch hour to be used by his former department. His latest contribution, "Knowing Yourself Inside Out" has clever and concise instructions as to the method of grabbing one's tongue and yanking in a dignified and precise manner in order to reverse the skin and the intestines in position and thus...you guessed it... "know yourself inside out..."

An active member of FSC'S psych dept., Annabelle R. Madillo was also available for comment, and we asked her views, she mumbled something about her new dress being too short for her freudian slip and mentioned that her doctoral dissertation would be on the oral fixation of the inchworm. Are psych majors better prepared, we wondered, to face a world full of frustration, confusion and violence? A graduating Senior majoring in psych here ran up to us with his answer, 4 pages long and typewritten on a ten key adding machine. He fumbled assuredly with the pages, grimaced pleasantly at us, and calmly had a nervous breakdown, climaxed by his spectacular and joyful jump from the fourth floor of the library. We were all amazed and impressed by this classic example of self actualization.

Visit FSC's 'Department Store'

English

Dreaming in Elysian fields, climbing Olympus, walking through Chaucerian woods or Dickensian city streets, the English major is a person apart, head in the clouds, feet in the sand. Professors of this lofty subject walk on airs above the ground here, and it was with great tact that this reported approached one of these aloof individuals for an interview. After the individual in question, namely Mr. E.E.Shortcomings, had recovered from his fall over someone's extended foot, adjusted his pince nez and smoothed his tweeds, he shook back his white mane and roared in his best Burton baritone "What is the meaning of this?" then confusedly shook hands with the reporter and walked away talking to himself. So much for him. The next prof we approached was a much more likely prospect. When he saw us approach he began to prance and pose until we told him we had no film in the cameras we wore all over our bodies, and then he settled down to talk. The English department has a small but adequate budget, he informed us, about \$2.00 per week per student per hour per the whim of whomever decides such things. Students majoring in this diverse and interesting subject here can hope to attain great literary heights, especially if they are geniuses and rich enough to await posthumous acclaim. For the rest, there is journalism, and this field holds splendid and numerous opportunities for English majors; approximately 3 out of every 3,000 graduates will obtain jobs working for newspapers ... writing. Some will wash newspaper floors, deliver newspapers, and all manner of interesting related jobs, waiting for the big break which comes when they reach retirement age. Prof. Kleve Keynote, a graduate of Poison Ivy Academy in Hunnicutt, N.J., ended our interview by reminding us that a man's entire self must be educated and improved; a graduate of today's colleges must be a well rounded, cultured individual with a diverse background in the arts and sciences. We then asked Mr. Keynote what time it was and he authoritatively announced that the big hand was on the three and the little hand was on the 2, then he proudly told us that he knew his multiplication tables thru 12 and retired into the ladies room to comb his goatee.

Biology

In an ecology conscious nation, majors in this area should have no trouble finding jobs related to their interests. In the waste water treatment field along the opportunities are opening up every day, and more waste water is planned for the future, so the possibilities will not stop with the destruction of Lake Erie. Dr. Omni Voris, whose specialty is man eating plants, was delighted to show us his greenhouse, but we declined the offer. Dr. Mary Wanna, a Korean botanist teaching on transfer here told us that she hopes to place all of this year's graduates ... in a compost heap in upper Bakersfield. Your typical Bio major is concerned with the ecology; he does not throw his 1400 beer cans outside, he brings them to the dump; he picks up litter and puts it in a trash can where city workers bring it to the dump; he urges all of us to be more careful with our junk ... bring it to the dump. At last check, this dump covered an area the size of Manhattan and was still growing upward and outward. When asked about this 'problem, our Bio major immediately launches into an attack upon THEM, they who are responsible, and aloofly proclaims his commitment to clean air and water, without inconveniencing himself, of course. Johnny Hairsuite, a French student with a bushy beard and a large concern for biological balance, spoke of the pollution with distaste; we talked in his auto, a vintage Arbuckel with no muffler, operating on buffalo chips and prayers. An impressive ecologist, Johnny.

Industrial Arts



Two of IA's most Prized Possessions, a bucket of recycled nails and a parrot who remembers measurements.

This school will one day be famous for the abundance of well trained vocational graduates it is now grooming. Imagine coming to school every day in carpenters jeans and getting to make stuff instead of sitting in dull, boring classes. Of course, some academic studies must be included in the curriculum, but they will be specially geared to the major. English will be scaled to meet the requirements of the IA student; only a 400 word vocabulary will be required, writing will be done only as a last resort to other, more technical methods, and reading will be done by someone else. In shop, the

real work goes on, banging nails, setting typeface, cleaning up. In general, the most intense of the studies conducted within the shop is cleaning up, and it is in this area that most IA grads will seek employment. When the first rocket shot its way into space, there was an IA graduate among the ground crew ... cleaning up. When President Nixon resigned his office, there was an IA grad among the camera crews of every major network ... cleaning up. When Christine Jorgensen emerged from the mountains of Sweden, an IA grad was in the OR ... cleaning up.



Marshall's Truman, Fonda's MacArthur.

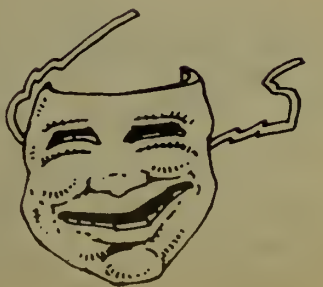
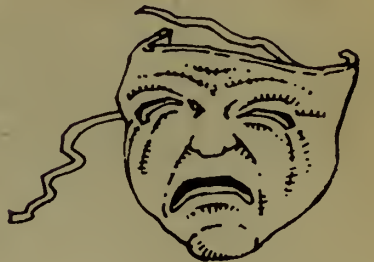
History

In this Bicentennial year we found FSC's history department buzzing. On investigation, however, we unearthed a buried buzz saw in Mr. Carson's office, this devious device was the cause of the noise. We talked Prof. Jefferson Franklin, who was very optimistic about the job opportunities for history majors this year. Dr. Franklin's latest work, HOW THE CIVIL WAR WAS FOUGHT AND WON, complete with detailed diagrams of death and destruction, full color portraits of real live slaves shown in their natural environment, cutting cotton in the fields, waiting on table in the manor house, singing while laying track, and being whipped at auctions, has just been released. It is must reading for the student of military strategem and/or ethnic rationalization. Franklin was excited about books not yet written that he hopes his graduates will attempt one day; historic

figures lost in obscurity whose lives will make interesting and enlightening reading; people like Delilah Dramamine, whose dizzy dive from the top of the Eifel Tower at high noon on Columbus day, 1862 paved the way for exhibitionists all over the world, people like Abraham Baumgartner, a former priest who performed brain surgery during the Blitz in a bombed out basement. When the lights came on, Dr. Baumgartner, a graduate of Vitamite Medical Correspondence school, discovered that he had removed the patients brain and replaced it with that of a rudibaga; thus was born a new strain of superhuman man, strong, silent with the intellect of a rudibaga. We asked what other areas of opportunity were available to the History major in 1976, and Dr. Franklin produced a list from his voluminous jacket, written on a bubblegum wrapper which we promised to read when we had a magnifying glass.

Political Science

Dr. Gerard G. Goldfinger, commonly known here as GG. (G.) was more than happy to express his views about his department, where it is, has been, and is going. It is in the basement, has been buried in the dust, and is going to hell. However, Dr. G. has great expectations, not only about a certain Miss Havisham, but also about the future of his area of interest. He wants to see more politically aware student body or any student body, who are informed as to the current issue and the reason behind them...also the Greek behind them. He wants to involve himself and his students with active participation in student government, thus supplying them with firsthand information about bureaucratic red tape, political jargon, and the agony and the ecstasy of leadership, comradeship and censorship as practiced by government today. Dr. G. is adamant on the necessity for field work experience in this major and all of those students he has thus far sent into the field have returned with wildflowers in their hair and a song on their lips, so it must be a good idea. There are always openings for press secretaries to important men, Senators, Judges and Presidents, both State & Local, and the federal system has a veritable treasure trove of opportunities for the political scienced major. Dr. G. feels that, with an expanded department here, complete with tapping devices, an abundance of secretaries and door openers and at least 4 million typed pages of rules and regulations, we should be able to provide our students with good background for work in government after graduation.



Record turnout seats new officers



Elections are over for another academic year here at FSC, and this year a record turnout filtered through the polls in the Campus Center. Out of a student populace of some 3,000, almost 900 voted in this election. Where, we wonder, were the others? Daytime TV, dormitory jabber, and various and sundry activities like sitting on

walls, hanging around in the commuter cafe, and driving up and down North Street doing 80 mph when matched with other natural disasters; earthquakes, tornadoes, etc. probably kept would-be voters away.

But the numbers were a record, nevertheless, and to the many people who spent the better part of the evening counting the votes...in the slowest, most

painstaking manner possible, I might add...900 was plenty. Why, if 3,000 people had cast votes, we would have found it necessary to call in the National Guard to count the ballots. The results, then, are not to be questioned; and finally, at around 8:30 p.m. on the night of the 8th, the tally was in, and the agony of defeat and the ecstasy of victory ran rampant (and naked) in the halls of the basement of the campus center.

The hottest items (especially from the standpoint of those in the fire) in this election were the race for President of SGA, and for Editor of the Rhetoric. In both cases, an incumbent officer (Walter King, former SGA VA and Mary Ellen Walsh, former Rhetoric News Ed) was faced with Bernie Schultz. Bernie conducted an exhaustive campaign; hanging out banners and placards, and in some cases hanging out himself...out of 3rd story dorm windows, car windows, climbing rooftops and mountains and shouting his name to the wind...and anybody else who would listen. Walter, with the help of his loyal followers, the seven dwarves and Santas little elves, stormed the campus and was visible and invisible everywhere at once. He won (392 to 224) and now wears the crown he desired so much. We all hope his head is swollen enough to wear it proudly. As for the defeated Schultz, he slumped beneath mud he believed slung but did not smother and die there; Bernie reared his head and is back making superlative statements in his usual opinionated manner and trying to take over once more. Mary Ellen Walsh, who's no-campaign campaign never did get off the ground, somehow defeated this mighty contender-for-everything (430 to 269) and now sits in the Editor's chair without a staff. Oh, well, even Joseph didn't always have a staff, and B.S. is still around, rummaging in drawers in both SGA and the Rhetoric office and proving that you cannot kill some weeds...our new Editor is so hopeful of success in her endeavors with the Rhetoric that she is even keeping Steve W. around...for moral support, and a corset around for other support...both devices are always pinching her.

Thomas Mullaney is the new Senior class pres., defeating incumbent Mark Lynch by 147 votes and a picnic lunch...somebody stuffed ballot boxes here...with salami and liverwurst...ugh. Joseph Spadano is the Sr. VP because nobody ran against him...its as simple as that, and Fran Crowley is Treasurer for the same reason...we hope he

treasures his position and is not adept at imbezzelling. The Class Reps almost always win, but this time a few were thrown out...the new Secretary is Ellen Chiocca, and the Reps are William Collins, John Donnelly, Debbie Field and Charles May...does anybody know any of these folks? If so, one might ask them what they have gotten themselves into.

Four openings existed on All College Council (to crawl either in or out of) and William Collins, Jane McLaughlin and Mark Whittemore now fill them...they also fill their plates twice in polite company, so we wonder just how qualified they are...very, I guess.

The Exec Board VP is William Collins (who is now a lot of things, including inebriated) and the Treasurer is still Ron Gonthier (who else?)

Mikel-Jon Carter is corresponding Sec, and Janice Farineau unseated Allison Mitchell as Recording Secretary (why? we wonder...oh, well, seats are rare and precious in SGA)

The new Junior class president is Richard Ruberti, VP Bruno Onokala (formerly of "Letters to the Editor") and the secretary and treasurer are Donna Sujat and Mary Maskalenko, a write in. (what is a write in? A person invented out of the mind and ink of the student body...what a frightening thing...). Jr. Class reps are Mary Canning, Mark Casavant, James Geary and Robert Markarian (funny how the winners names match the candidates to a T...). Ed in Chief of the Yearbook, a much coveted position, sought by one, was won by Richard Buie.

The Sophomore class president is David Munroe, the VP Karen Borsuk, the Sec Susan Brennan and the treasurer Diana Walter. Reps are Robert Rich, David Butler, Susan Hirsh and Linda Lamkin, leaving only Ingeborg Thomassen as a loser (too long a name to spell, we guess) and that about sums it up.

Lest we forget, King Kong won the race for the peanut on the stairs of the campus center, Godzilla trampled Wonder Woman in their fight for the position of top banana, a lofty place coveted by many and desired especially by Mighty Joe Young. The Men's rooms are now occupied by the new breed...of cockroaches, and the Ladies rooms have been forcibly taken over by paper towels. What does this have to do with elections, you ask? Probably as much as elections have to do with anything else...we shall see.

News recap

Ocean swallows spill

A 14 million ton tanker-barge collided today with a tugboat off the coast of New Guinea, spilling its cargo of valuable liquid radioactive heroin into the turbulent seas. The tugboat was carrying some important personages (incognito) for the CIA; unfortunately, since the passengers were all traveling under assumed names, and since all on board were drowned, we will never know who is missing; unless somebody starts looking for them thru the police, in which case we should be able to release the names of those missing in but a few short years.

Robbers redoux

A daring daytime robbery left three injured and one dead as two dashing desperadoes held up the downtown Podunk Branch of the Bank of Americard today. The two were described as young, oldish and middle-aged, tall, short, thin, chunky, neatly dressed, hippies, which clear and concise information should aid the police in their search for the robbers. The injured as yet unidentified, pending their producing Blue Shield cards in the local emergency room, and the dead man, aren't talking. Witnesses are unsure as to what happened.

It all took place so fast...the men entered the bank at 12:30 and were gone by 4:00...too quickly for anyone to get a grip on themselves...or the robbers...

Gruesome crime solved

A hideous murder marred the tranquil Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Vladimir Krotchkosky of downtown Bundoga Fall, Illinois, this week. The elderly couple returned from church early that morning to find a scene of incredible carnage and cruelty. The first story apartment in which the two live an uneventful and quiet life, was turned over from top to bottom, making it very difficult to move about as they found themselves walking on the ceiling; the refrigerator had been raided...probably by the local vice squad; their important life-sustaining prescriptions had been flushed down the toilet (which, luckily for them both, did not work properly and regurgitated the deposits back on the floor...along with some other deposits) and in the parlor, lay the mutilated, asphyxiated dead body of a member of their family. It had been beaten and burned beyond recognition, tortured and left in a bloody pool on the floor. Fortunately, the police found the culprit after employing the most modern of crime detection methods; Charlie, the family tomcat was convicted of murder in the death of Pip, the golden canary.

Consenting adults held on sex charges

Three people were arraigned in district court today on a charge of willful nudity, lascivious lewdity and miscreant misconduct. Two of the three pleaded guilty, the third entered a plea of temporary insanity. The former, Jon Watchyorstop, a Polish immigrant, and Paul Touchyfeely, a resident of this city, informed the judge that they had, indeed, engaged in oral interplay with the latter, Ms Fanny Borg, a secretary and SLA member. Ms Borg denied this. The two men stated that they had picked Ms Borg up in a delicatessen with promises of stag films and bologna sandwiches, returned to her apartment and begun their illegal activities there. The three were arrested in Ms Borg's swank apartment on the lower underside and detained at the local precinct until Ms Borg's employer, A. Nony Mouse, posted bail for them all. In court today, Ms Borg's lawyer, F.B. Lately, asked for an acquittal on the grounds that Ms Borg was not in her right mind...or anything else on the night in question. The case was subsequently dismissed for lack of evidence...also lack of interest - the judge fell asleep at the bench.



Fanny Borg
relaxes at home

Notices

HUM DINGERS

The Homosexual Union of Massachusetts (HUM) invites members of the College Community interested in the gay movement, (particularly those movements occurring below the waist), to come out of the closet and join with us in our fight against discrimination from the heterosexual society. Our next meeting is scheduled for May 9th, and will be held in Wesley Lord's parents' garage. At that meeting the instructional film, "How to get Hit on at a Gay Bar", will be shown and discussed intellectually.

PSYCH DEPARTMENT SURVEY,

The Fitchburg State Psychology Department has released a sneak preview to its experimental survey entitled - "Is It Normal to be Normal?"

The questainnaire includes the

following inquiries: (answer true or less true)

1. When criticized I use a gun.
2. I enjoy life and I prefer it to being dead.
3. I don't lose my temper but I often lose my car keys.
4. I enjoy participating in group activities, especially with nuns.
5. In group activities I often lose my car keys.
6. I prefer good conversation to trichinosis.
7. I make friends easily and I do alright with strangers too.
8. When in the midst of strangers I feel like I am in the midst of strangers.
9. I feel uncomfortable when surrounded by piranhas.
10. I feel that our country's moral standards are standard.

CUSTODIAL COLLECTIVE

There will be a meeting of the Janitors Collective in the basement of Thompson

Hall on next Tuesday before lunch to discuss the slob that inhabit this school. A vote will be taken on the method of either stopping, altering or otherwise improving their behaviour or killing them all. . . with kindness and cafeteria food.

The Administrative officers will move to the center of the Quadrangle, underground to facilitate better communications with students walking over them. The former offices occupied by officials here will now be used for storage. Anyone having anyone who needs storage, please deliver the body in a plain brown wrapping, already preserved, to the Bio labs between 2 and 3 a.m. heheheheheheeee.

BLOOD

Next time you give blood, if you are not giving for someone, please give it for: Randy Passios, Boston Shriner's Burns Hospital. Randy's a little friend of mine who collects white corpuscles.

ADELPHIAN SOCIETY FANTASY WEEKEND

With FSC now nearing the conclusion of another semester, the Adelpian Society is well into a busy and enjoyable schedule of events.

Just like week we held our annual Fulfill Your Fantasy Weekend, an immoral, 2 full days of outrageously risqué pleasure seeking. It was a huge success! Garnering the sisterhood's coveted Debauchery Trophy was Sheila Burningbreath, who fulfilled a favorite fantasy by drinking wine straight out of the bottle. Estelle Ricketts finished a close second with an incestuous desire to kiss her brother, Aldo, on the lips.

The Adelpian Society would also like to wish everyone from F.S.C. good luck on their final exams. Good luck, everyone, on your final exams!

MINUTES OF THE STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION MEETING

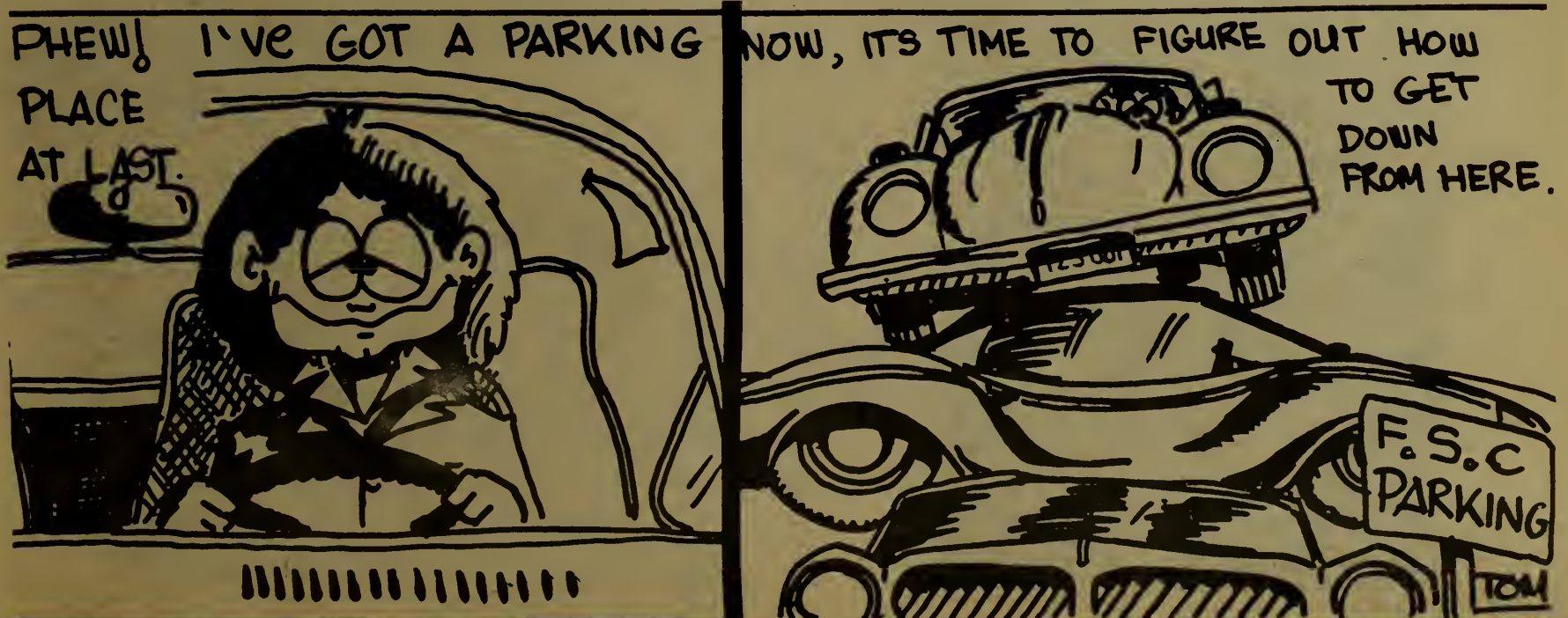
April 27, 1976
(137 minutes)

Rhetoric opinion poll

The Rhetoric staff earnestly desires to seek and discover the diverse opinions of those students who attend our lovely Fitchburg State College. By exposing the beliefs of the average Fitchburg State student, we hope to be able to modify our newspaper so as to make it much more enjoyable and useful.

This opinion poll is useless, however, unless you seriously consider and answer all questions. So Please, help us help you.

1. The College Bookstore.
 - a. is interested more in securing profits than it is in the welfare of the student.
 - b. is interested more in the welfare of the student than in securing profits.
 - c. is a place to buy books.
 - d. is irrelevant to me. I go to Framingham State.
2. The Parking Situation around F. S. C.
 - a. adequately supports the needs of the student population.
 - b. could be a lot better (no pun intended).
 - c. could be a lot better (pun intended).
 - d. is irrelevant to me. I go to Framingham State.
3. The Deans at Fitchburg State
 - a. are out of touch with today's youth.
 - b. are in touch with today's youth.
 - c. often touch today's youth.
 - d. would be happier touching the youth at Framingham State.
4. President Vincent Mara
 - a. is a complex man, an able administrator and a warm, as opposed to cold, human being.
 - b. gargles with Prell Shampoo.
 - c. does not gargle.
 - d. is irrelevant to me. I gargle at Framingham State.
5. I believe that the social situation at FSC is
 - a. what you make it.
 - b. how often you make it.
 - c. whom you make it with.
 - d. irrelevant to me. I make it at Framingham State.
6. If asked to supply one word to describe the intellectual climate at F.S.C., the word I would choose would be
 - a. stimulating.
 - b. stagnant.
 - c. mackinaw.
 - d. Framingham State.
7. I sincerely believe that this year's Rhetoric newspapers have been
 - a. wonderfully entertaining and informative.
 - b. superbly entertaining and informative.
 - c. immensely entertaining and informative.
 - d. immensely informative and entertaining.



SGA news

On April 8, 1976, a meeting of FSC's Student Government Association was held in the SGA office at the Campus Center. In attendance were enough association members to make a quorum (which is a little house with a grass roof usually indiginous to Greece) and a few visitors, who are, we are assured, always welcome at SGA meetings.

This meeting was held to evaluate and amend the constitution in regad to FSC's three literary publications, Scrimshaw, the Yearbook and the Rhetoric. The guests tonight were Marney St. Bernard and Nell Mulch, contenders for Rhetoric's editorship, Mr. Nobody, running (at a breakneck pace) for Yearbook Editor, and an empty chair to represent the concerned members of Scrimshaw. All of these people were welcomed by members, and told to sit quietly in a dark corner with their hands in their pockets and their tongues in their cheeks.

The proposal was that the positions as Editor of each of the respective publications in question should be appointed in a certain manner by a committee as prescribed, and the SGA constitution would be changed to accommodate the new decision. After many chairs were scraped into place, ashtrays located and strategically placed well out of the reach of smokers who preferred using the floor, and the doors were shut and locked to ensure privacy against the hords who traverse the halls in search of the game room and the soda machine, the meeting was called to order and begun.

Bunson Burner, outgoing Pres. of SGA called a roll, the roll. Charmin, I believe, was found to be present, and he then announced the purpose and subject of the meeting, after consulting the recording secretary to see just what that was. She was prompt and concise, and three hours later the reading of the proposed ammendments

began. Each person in attendance was given a copy of the agenda, and a detailed explanation of the proposals; therefore it was necessary to read aloud each and every word, on all 47 sheets, as it is a well-known fact that college students often do not read what they see or see what they read. However, it soon became evident that they do not hear what they hear, either, so...it seems a moot point...A hand went up; Bunson recognized the hand; it belonged to his Uncle Arthur, dead these 20 years; he screamed hysterically and was dragged from the room by a delivery man who had come to drop off a case of beer. The chair was taken over by Marjority Toeless, an amputee with great, standing in the academic community; she also proved to have great sitting, and continued the meeting with a minimum of trouble. The chair then recognized another hand, who, in turn recognized the chair and there was a

heartwarming reunion between chair and hand. Someone asked that the minutes be re-read, and the secretary stood dutifully before the wall clock and proceeded to read the minutes from midnight to noon, in German. A lot of fidgeting was going on; several persons asked permission to go to the bathroom and were refused. One individual wished to discuss a subject brought up at the last meeting; the size and shape of paper clips to be used on official documents, but other suggested that this be tabled until next time. A table was produced, and all in favor climbed up on it, broke its legs, and the meeting was ajourned. Each person was fingerprinted and photographed before leaving and given a copy of recommendations for running their lives, mimeographed in disappearing ink. The next meeting will be posted, all are invited, but the vote is secret, so is the time and place.

Needs and Assessment Week - Surprise vacation to some, brainstorm session to many

The week ending April 16 was designated "Needs and Assessment Week" here at FSC, and while no classes were held, meetings were held all over the campus to provide better understanding of the whys and wherefores of our education here. Many simply viewed this week as a bonus vacation and took off for Bermuda, Tahiti and Upper Cleghorn with joy and mischief in their hearts, undone work assignments in their pockets and water on the brain. But some serious minded students attended lectures, sat in on seminars, and in general botched up their week off something awful.

We sent a reporter to cover some of the think-tank sessions and he/she/it came away with renewed faith in the value of terminal high school education and a new slant on the faults and foibles of education here at FSC.

One such session consisted of members of the Psych dept., and was aimed at a better

understanding of this area of study, its purpose and application to life; and suggestions for improvement were encouraged. After listening to hours of case studies, a smattering of words such as 'psychohorshitegenic' and 'anythingand everything' fixation, our reporter suggested that nobody there knew what they were talking about and was summarily thrown out on his ear.

He had slightly better luck at the meeting of the Geography dept., they were discussing parties and getting loaded, and our reporter fit in like a hand in a glove. The only problem came when he tried to take pictures and we ended up with 150 8 x 10 glossies of chair and table legs in living color.

The Sociology Dept. was conducting a series of tests and studies and our reporter agreed to be a subject. The testers locked

the testees in a closet for 42 hours without food, water or air and piped in patriotic music and silent skin flicks. The result was devastating, especially to our reporter who is accustomed to three square meals, lots of fresh air and sunshine, and at least one roll in the hav per dav. The men subjects came out gaunt, lean and ready to fight for their country; the females never came out at all. Our reporter recovered quite quickly, but he declined the next test; a 3 month trip with Outward Bound to hunt Polar Bears at McKay; its purpose is uncertain, but our brave adventurer prefers to match colorforms and put square pegs in round holes.

The combined Education departments were holding scores of children against their will in classrooms all over school; after all the little brats have a vacation next week, the least they can do is help with

demonstrations of reward and punishment effectiveness this week. Unfortunately, our reporter became especially attracted to a little boy he met in Thompson Hall and got carried away. . . then he really did get carried away and dumped out a third story window. He is recovering quite nicely from his injuries in a private sanitorium in upper Mongolia right now and we write to him daily and get warm, lengthy incoherent letters at least twice a week from him..

The end result of all the planning and thinking going on in a restricted area during this past week resulted in enough friction and combustion to cause several small fires and a larger one is planned soon. However, it was decided that the school would be spared from the wrath of administrative gods for now and could open again to impart knowledge and frustration on the immates for yet another year.

Work in Europe



If you are a college student desiring employment for the upcoming summer months, you, yes you, can end up working in Europe! Any student between the ages of 17 and 27 can have a temporary job in Europe; yes Europe! Some even last long enough to draw a whole week's pay.

The job opportunities are varied and numerous. Included in this long list of potential jobs are:

STUNTMEN -

Stunt work for Jean Paul Belmondo in his upcoming adventure film, Les Oeuvres, in which a Parisien detective (Belmondo) must crack the case of a lifetime as well as satisfy Catherine Deneuve's cravings for blueberries.

VALET

Valet to Generalissimo Francisco Franco. (includes reciting the dead Generalissimo's favorite passages from the epic El Cid, and mimicking Ponce DeLeon).

PUBLICITY

Publicity director for the Vatican in Rome. Duties include dispensing photographs of Pope Paul snickering at atheists.

VET

Veterinarian to Generalissimo Francisco Franco (includes the care and feeding of the dead Generalissimo's dead Labrador retriever, Sancho Panza).

WRITERS

Writing sophisticated, erudite compositions, for the Pygmalion Publishing Company of London, that analyze and compare the dramatic monologues of Alfred Tennyson's Idylls of the King to some pungent dark-brown liquid, preferably creosote.

NURSE

Nurse to Generalissimo Francisco Franco (includes administering extended periods of mouth-to-mouth resuscitation in an effort to revive the dead Generalissimo.)

DJ'S

Disc-Jockeys for Radio Free Europe. The announcers must be able to present the statement - "Leonid Brezhnev's mother goes down on cancerous wild bores", in all Slavic dialects.

Any student interested in a temporary job in Europe may write directly to SOS, Student Overseas Services, Box 244, Battle Creek, Michigan. Requests for further job listing must include your name, address, cereal number and 711 dollars or the equivalent in stamps or international postal coupons.

Report of an inquiry into drug abuse of a new and frightening nature

Not only has drug abuse and addiction reached unprecedented heights, with marijuana, hashish, LSD, cocaine, and the opiates increasingly popular, but now a new and even more horrifying drug has come into fashion. Because it strikes at the very heart of civilized society and threatens to cast us downward into a new Dark Age, I have for several years conducted a carefully controlled study of the effects of the drug. This sinister narcotic, POTENS INSIDIA POLITICUS, is known in street slang as "Power."

POTENS INSIDIA POLITICUS

The weed POTENS grows in dark and moldy corners and thrives on neglect; it tends to crowd out all other growth. The tops of the mature plant, called "Flowers of Evil," are harvested, dried, and crushed into a fine powder which can be smoked, eaten, or snorted. Power goes immediately to the user's head, imbuing him with a false sense of security. It is highly addictive, especially among the rich and well born.

METHODOLOGY

This study was conducted among forty members of the Massachusetts State Senate, chosen at random. The subject group of thirty-three Senators (called "Democrats") were given increasing dosages of Power during a period of years. The seven member control group (called

"Republicans") received little or no power. Initially we had intended to present herewith a statistical profile of the forty Senators, broken down by age and sex. However, we found this unnecessary, as most of them have already been broken down by age and sex.

PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF POWER

Most Power users exhibit marked physical deterioration, characterized by apathy, lethargy and unresponsiveness. Posture is poor, and the gait is often shuffling and aimless.

Brain: Damage to cerebral tissue is apparent in chronic Power users. Eventually the brain atrophies, and in the final stages the mind is completely closed.

Eyes: Dull and bloodshot. Vision may be severely restricted and views grotesquely distorted.

Heart: Most Power users appear faint-hearted. Some seem to have no heart at all.

Lungs: Surprisingly, Power does not harm the lungs, and most users remain long-winded throughout their lives.

Speech: The speech is slurred and often lapses into double-talk or gibberish. But no paucity of speech was observed.

Psychomotor activity: Decrease in psychomotor activity was noted in nearly all cases. The Power freak finds it difficult to move forward, grasp a simple point or grapple with a tough problem. Most users are unwilling to step down when the time

comes. However, they normally remain adroit at the ducking and dodging.

Reaction time: Reaction time is actually enhanced by Power, and the majority of users are very reactionary indeed.

Resistance: Ability to resist temptation declines as Power dosage increases. And because Power weakens the body's immunological defenses, the user falls easy prey to such diseases as nepotism, which is endemic.

Sexual response: Henry Kissinger once said, "Power is the ultimate aphrodisiac." Our own findings here are ambiguous. While Power does seem to inflame sexual desire, performance over the years trails off most pitifully.

PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECTS OF POWER

The longterm Power user procrastinates endlessly. He is often slovenly, inattentive and irresponsible. He cannot concentrate on important matters, preferring instead to immerse himself in trivialities. Tardiness and absenteeism are commonplace.

Radical lifestyle changes are typical in the Power freak. Often he will renounce honest labor and instead lounge around all day, listening to chin music. He cares little for proper nutrition, and may subsist exclusively on a diet of red herring tripe, and sour grapes. Some Power addicts suffer delusions of grandeur, other enjoy them.

WITHDRAWAL SYNDROME

Withdrawal from Power is excruciating. Cut off from his "connection", the addict may sink into deep depression, which can precipitate such psychosomatic ailments as diplomatic phlebitis, or he may panic and, recognizing his need for professional help, seek refuge in some appointive sinecure.

EFFECTS OF IRREGULAR SENATORIAL DISTRICTS

Much has already been published about the genetic horrors resulting from malformed districts. Our research confirms the worst suspicions. Mis-shapen districts, visible even to the naked eye, are caused by a phenomenon called redistricting, or "packing." Some districts were observed to be thin and elongated, others twisted and truncated; still others, amoeba like, appear to be constantly changing shape. Such mutant districts have already spawned some very unusual Senators. One can only speculate with pessimism about the effects on future generations.

Respectfully submitted,
Stylus Knox, M.D.

EXTEND A HELPING HAND TO YOUR FELLOW MAN



Alpha Phi Omega exemplifies the meaning of this theme in many ways. The motto of Alpha Phi Omega is - "Be a Leader, Be a Friend, Be a lawn sprinkler". Every brother is encouraged to be a leader. Some are even encouraged to stay conscious. One brother even thinks he's John Boisvert. In leadership, there is a hand with strength for others to grasp and pull themselves up to new levels. The World of Friendship involves extending the hand of good will throughout the world, touching all people (except lepers and oldsmobiles) to try to create a world with the hope of life instead of the fear of death, a rightful place for the Brotherhood of Man to dwell forever, or longer. There are many ways that one can perform the service, but the noblest of all includes, among other things, an autographed glossy of Sirhan Sirhan, the successful assassin of a former APO

president, driving an oldsmobile. Future A.P.O. events include:

ANNUAL APO BOOK SALE — APO members gather scores of useless text books and try to sell them for 9-16 cents a piece. One of the works, "An Introduction to the Tactile Senses", is a very touching work. It usually sells for 12 cents.

ANNUAL APO GARBAGE COLLECTION WEEK — APO members gather various discarded cans, bottles, papers, and books which they use in their annual APO Book Sale. (See above).

ANNUAL APO GRANDMOTHER SALE — APO members gather scores of useless old grandmothers and try to sell them for 9-16 cents a piece.

Who is responsible for this travesty

This bizarre issue of the Rhetoric is the work of two frail, demented creatures - Mary Ellen Walsh and Steve Walkowicz. Take notice, that all criticism, candigrams, and explosive mechanism should be addressed in care of The Student Government Association.

Our beloved Constitution provides us with a free, uncensored press; so if anyone

is angered or hurt by our mildly comical barbs, they too have that glorious granted right to make use of the freedom of the press. Of Course, their opinions and rebuttals won't ever be allowed to be printed in the Rhetoric but; we have learned that Framingham State is accepting such items.

Special thanks to Bill Keough



Oh, this man Bill Keough; such a wonderful man! It is he who provided the fatherly guidance that we so needed to direct us towards such a directionless end. It is he who kept that creative spark alive in us. We practically begged him to let us off light but this man, this wonderful man, Bill Keough, physically forced us to come up with each and every sickening, savage, merciless cheap shot that appears in this paper.

We salute you Bill Keough!



Opening the door



Each school day hundreds of Fitchburg State students are exposed to the experimental educational environment of the McKay Campus School. The McKay experience has become a way of life for the education major.

The McKay Campus School, appropriately named for some person called McKay, is an educational organism that services approximately 1000 students from a cross section of social economic levels and races.

High quality education in a personalized and customized manner is the backbone of the McKay philosophy. Utilizing the I.G.E. (Individualized Guided Education) format, the school recognizes that "all learners are individuals with specific needs, desires, interests, abilities, and learning styles that must be met at each particular individuals level.

Are the innovative techniques of this multi-million dollar experiment worthwhile or worthless? Do the children of McKay actually attain an accelerated level of cerebral ability or are they just victimized guinea-pigs?

Hoping to decipher this turbid enigma, Rhetoric assigned an ace photographer and 2 Nordic bodyguards to the campus school to capture the prevailing mood that is McKay.



A pivotal element in the McKay philosophy concerns the teacher-student ratio. The desired goal is 1/5 instructors per child. This goal, however, has not yet been realized at McKay. In the above photo, Tina Brown's 11 home ec. teachers have assembled for this casual pose.



Proper and intensive medical care is available for all McKay students. Here, a distressed child receives emergency treatment after swallowing "Bloom's Taxonomy of Behavioral Objectives."



"Planned change is the constant, standing still is going backward", believes sociologist Dr. Morley Kroc. A defender and a disciple of the I.G.E. philosophy, Kroc adds, "The I.G.E. program is immensely beneficial to the intellectual development of the elementary student. Some of the kids can even read".

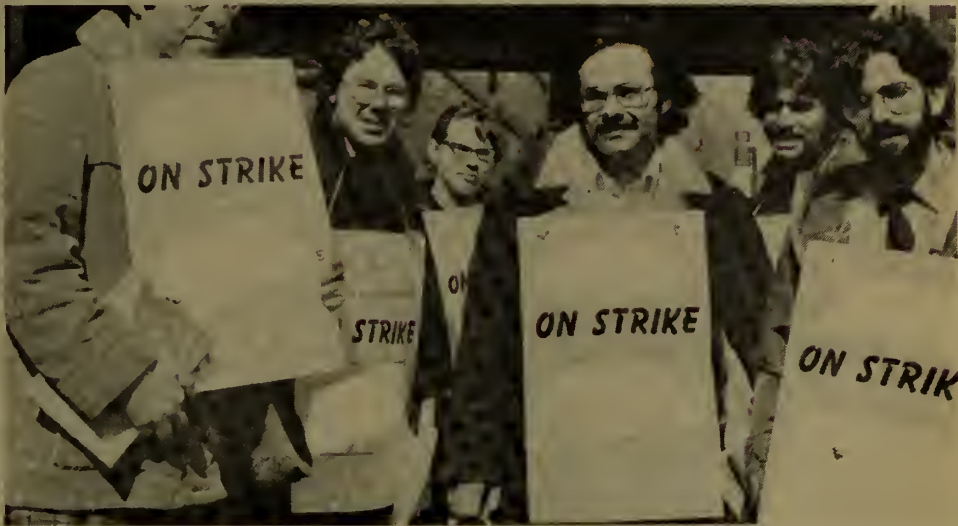


Student teachers from Fitchburg State assume responsible roles in the educational community at McKay. In the above photograph, some student teachers handle recess duty.

doors to McKay



Sex education is a required subject for all McKay students. Here two 7th grade classmates prepare for the course's final exam.



The constitutional rights of the child are a major concern at the McKay Campus school. In this photo, a gathering of Jr. High schoolers strike to dramatize the firing of a topless waitress from the student's cocktail lounge.



Administering the I. G. E. program is often a demanding and difficult task for the inexperienced instructor. Here, a young math teacher relaxes between classes.

Frequently, misinformed reactionaries circulate inaccurate rumors concerning the "aggressive conduct" of the sweet, dear children of McKay. In reality, only 3 McKay students are wanted by the FBI. They are



Liacos "Very" Grimm, age 7



Rasputina Zealot, Age 11



Boris Smith.
Alias John Smith.
Alias Jane Fonda.
age 9.



Some youngsters benefit from an occasional field trip. Here a group of 6th graders visit ancient Egypt and the Pyramids of the Pharaohs. The dromedary is the head of McKay's history department.

'Phlebitis - The only diet that helped Totie Fields lose weight'



"Hi, I'm Don Rickles.

If you thought that joy buzzers and whoopee cushions were fun, you'll absolutely flip when you see this new line of mail-order products offered by the good people at Random House.

Random House is practically giving away all diseases known to modern man!

Yes folks, you can be the very first on your block to suffer and maybe even die from the disease of your choice. Think of the joy you can have by introducing the Bubonic Plague into your neighborhood. Order up a case of rickets, or maybe an aneurysm is more your style. Don't know what to get the man who has everything; well, how about this packaged deal where you receive nephritis, gallstones, nocturnal emissions, cretinism, and a harelip? You can even purchase a miscarriage for the girl in your life.

Yes folks, disease can be fun! Jaundice, epilepsy, diarrhea, premature ejaculation, prickly heat and many, many more can be yours for this low, low introductory price of only \$19.95! Yes, only \$19.95!

And if you order now, you'll get as a bonus offer - a three record set of famous melodies of the Rhineland and also, Dr. Bennie Bigelow's seven volume, medical history of Osler's Nodes.

Yes folks, life is always more fun when you live it dangerously!

Mail now for your favorite disease.

The Stars

by Nell



ARIES (March 21 - April 19) Clear up family squabbles this week. Try not to call hubby a donkey - even if he is; but if you've already alienated him, get cuddly with the St. Bernard, he has a nice, hairy chest and never nags.

TAURUS (April 20 - May 20) The stars are right for change; so change - jobs, partners - your underwear. Later in the week you will meet a new friend, try a new hairdo, lock your keys in the car - again.

GEMINI (May 21 - June 20) Good news from far off; they've thrown the creep who ditched you into debtor's prison in Istanbul, and are torturing him by forcing him to watch Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman - in Turkish.

CANCER (June 21 - July 22) Today is the first day of the rest of your prison term. Forget the blond boy in Cell 22 and work on your biceps.

LEO (July 23 - August 22) Take it easy these heavy summer days; enjoy cool cucumber cocktails at poolside with that special someone. What? No special someone? In that case, the advice is to take it heavy these summer days, be easy - take it whatever way you can get it.

VIRGO (August 23 - September 22) You are plagued by paranoia lately; there seems a pall hanging over your every move. Don't get discouraged - do something positive - get involved - with drugs or something. Better yet - jump off a bridge - choose one stolen from an Indian tribe - you'll be famous.

LIBRA (September 23 - October 22) You'll hear whispered rumors about someone close to you. Remember who your real friends are; remember how you both agreed to be honest and open with one another; remember that telephone number you found scrawled on his matchbook.

SCORPIO (October 23 - November 21) Patience is an excellent virtue; 1952 is an excellent Chablis; Equis is an excellent play; Joe is an excellent ----- Be patient, see Equis, drink Chablis to excess and look up Joe - he really is excellent.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 - December 21) Acquaintances have you on the defensive (perhaps they find you offensive), but you must hold your ground; don't be intimidated. Just because you turned Tommy Turner's little brother into the vice squad for pushing hot sugar babies; just because you revealed the truth about Walter Wickelstein's hairpiece; just because you have been making derogatory remarks about the Archangel Gabriel behind his wings - these are not enough to cause you to feel pressured. Why fear a frail girl and a bald-headed old man? Unfortunately, however, some folks are touchy and have been known to hold a grudge. Gabe will get you!

CAPRICORN (December 22 - January 19) Try listening more; you tend to be outspoken and this results in problems for you. Next time your boyfriend starts telling you a story try not interrupting him. Sure, your story about how low you feel is far more interesting than his story about how high he got last night, but try this - unplug your hearing aid, look intently into his crossed eyes and groove on the motion of his head moving up and down his chest.

AQUARIUS (January 20 - February 18) Be open to new ideas; there are exciting things in the wind - like the garbage you left on the fire escape last night.

PISCES (February 19 - March 20) You find yourself easily swayed by the opinions of others; be true to yourself and eat that garlic sandwich - go ahead - go nude on Main Street - but pay a visit to European Health Spa first. It's hard to know yourself when you haven't been properly introduced.

Where it's at

by Roving I

Want to know where the hot spots on campus are? One is most certainly not the Rhetoric office. We have moved from our attractive and accessible office in the basement of Thompson Hall to an attractive and inaccessible office in the basement of the Campus Center. Yeah, we can't seem to get out of the basement. Anyway, we see people rushing by in a flurry to get to the game room where they spend gratifying and edifying hours shooting pool, and getting off on the bong of the pinball machines. . . perhaps some of them are simply mesmerized by the lights. . . the mens rooms and ladies rooms are not as popular as might be expected, but the mess even when they are empty testifies to their continued and frequent use. We have some messes in here, too, but old coffee cups and spilled glue do not make this look like the office of the Chicago Tribune. . . alas.

Another popular place about campus is the commuter caf., its uncleared and unclean tables attract all manner of flora and fauna at all hours of the day. At any given time, one can find people they know, have known, will know or would never care to know lounging, drinking coffee, smoking in other peoples faces and eating steaming lunches of ground garbage and sugar. But these people, bored and restless as they profess to be are adamant in their business when approached to do any sort of work. . . physical, mental or otherwise. In fact, they are all opposed to work. . . and to physical, mental and otherwise.

Another must place is the pub: There is nobody in there. . . ever, so for those of you who would like a nice quiet place to study. . . there you are. The library, of course, is for socializing, and as for the classrooms. . . they seem to be useless commodities on the brink of extinction.

Occasionally, a stray student may be seen (probably lost) wandering in the direction of the SGA Office, but that is usually reserved for members only, and woe be to he who does not know the password.

The profs here have offices, but since they are not in them, there is very little point in anyone seeking entertainment or enlightenment there. There is, for those who are desperate for a place to go. . . the outdoors. . . Located directly between buildings, in front, rear and to the sides of same, and in various other places between the indoors and your automobile. This particular spot (or spots) can be used day or night, but are preferable during the dry season and in warm weather so this limits their usefulness. However, reservations are necessary, as despite the apparent undesirability of the outdoors, it is fast becoming full. . . of indoors mostly. . . so get a spot early this year.

Here and there off campus there are nite spots frequently visted by students: they are good places to become depressed and want to shoot yourself, thus making any other place you might go seem better by comparison. Getting drunk is a definite boon, but it can be expensive and it could take a long time when local pubs serve one quarter of a shot to a gallon of drink mix and water down the beer with wheatgerm. The entertainment is of the caliber of Jiminy Cricket and the Jerkwaters, and the clientele remind one of desperation city's best. Still, it is a way to meet people. . . and for the lonely there are few escapes. (May we suggest the great escape or the fire escape?)

We hope to be informed of any and all functions going on within and without the campus. . . within or without us. . . we'll let you know.

Films at Weston this week

YOUNG FINKELSTEIN

The zany story of a pregnant hunchback and a reformed lesbian and their hilarious antics in the Charity Ward of a large city hospital.

JEREMIAH GERIATRIC

The poignant story of an obnoxious octogenarian who lives as a hermit in the hills of LA. This courageous struggle, man against the elements (arthritis, rheumatism and senility) and the war he wages on old age - his loss is the undertaker's gain.

SELDOM SQUAWK

A powerful true story about a lunatic renegade who kidnaps two deaf, dumb and blind kids and runs away to the mountains of New Jersey on a crippled water buffalo. The white man left his dung on the people of Seldom Squawk, now he would have his revenge --- a siege of prunes.

THE STING

An ever-popular rerun starring the gorgeous pinkfaced Robot Rudford and the ever-sexy Pall No-man. Catchy music ties the film together (in a hangman's knot) as the fun-loving stars loot and murder. This film is as attractive as a bumblebee sandwich - thus it's name.

ROCKHOUND

AND

MARRIED ONE

Set in the romantic background of olde England during the bubonic plague, this is a beautiful love story about an aging outlaw and a nun with a biting wit. Together they burn, pillage and ravage the rich and make them poor. The touching devotion of this dashing handsome man to this hauntingly beautiful woman is enhanced by closeups of receding hairlines, pouchy eyelids and crowsfeet.

TWO FLEW UNDER THE COCKROACH NEST

A brilliant, amusing, amazing look into the inner mechanics of an insane asylum. The movie was actually filmed in the barracks of a Green Beret unit; the actors were real, only the names were changed to protect the faces. The plot centers around a Kong-sized Indian, a conniving convict in sexy denims, and a sink. Startling scenes of electroshock, counter shock, and future shock serve to introduce reality, harsh and bitter, into the sugarplum fairytale world of the latrine oriented closet drinker. It is a rough movie, a movie of super strength, a movie of surprises (Punch and Judy, a crucifixion, infant rape...the gamut). You won't want to miss it!

Spots on Sports

by Theodore "Biff" Berkell



JOHN WHITE, school record holder in the discus and in the hammer, copped another school record in a track meet against Salem State. White won the baby toss with a monumental heave of 242 feet. Shortly after the record breaking throw, White said to reporters, "The minute I let the kid go I knew it was a good one. If the little bloke didn't wave his arms so frantically I'll bet I could have done 250."

Hockey coach TOM CHRISTAPHERS recently leaked the story that F.S.C. was actively attempting to recruit dismayed, hockey sensation BOBBY ORR. It is believed that Orr has been offered his choice of NEASYLONS and immediate acceptance into ORIN LEONARD'S Intro. to Soc. class, if he decides to pursue a collegiate career at Fitchburg State. Orr would team up with superstar JEFF HASKELL to give F.S.C. the best one-two scoring push in the conference.

Vivacious DOROTHY HAMIL, Connecticut's sensational gold medal winner at the Olympics, reconfirmed that she is not and probably never will attend Fitchburg State College. Miss Hamil refused to comment further.



The Falcon baseball squad held its annual "Father-Son charity game" before a sell-out crowd at Crocker Field. The sons were sparked by little DERON FETTIG, the illegitimate son of JOHN FETTIG. It was the third straight year that the sons reigned victorious.

The men's Intramural Basketball season has ben finally completed. DAVE REID, head of men's intramurals declared the season a successful one at an awards dinner held at the Old Mill Restaurant. Dave said, "Yes, the season was a successful one." He then delighted the crowd with his amazingly realistic impersonation of an intramural basketball contest. Dave is in guarded condition at Burbank Hospital.

Athletic director DR. THOMAS BATTENILLI was recently tossed out of the women's locker room by the campus police. Dr. Battenilli journeyed into the girl's locker facilities to allegedly congratulate them following a come from behind, softball victory. Many of the girls were either showering or towelling off at the time of his visit.

The F.S.C. women's track team, loaded with a bevy of long-legged beauties, is off to a very fine start. In a casual scrimmage with the Falcon male squad, the girl's surprised their favored competition and blew them off the track.



Basketball coach BOB MELILLO announced that the F.S.C. basketball program has successfully recruited a blue-chip prospect in RAHMAD "LONG-NECK" WILLIAMS. An 18 foot 7 inch giraffe with good leaping ability and a soft baseline jumper, Rahmad is intent on turning around the floundering basketball program here. Slated for a power forward slot, "Long-Neck" will team with the PONDEXTER twins, brother kangaroos from Western Australia, and BAD MARVIN an 8 foot 2 inch, 450 lb. gorilla from the Belgian Congo to give F.S.C. an awesome powerhouse. The remaining starting position will more than likely be assumed by the coach's nephew RICHIE MELILLO.

An exclusive Rhetoric interview with Spider Sabich

Within a week after the tragic shooting death of Vladimir ("Spider") Sabich, a talented professional skier, continental playboy, and the lover of pretty, petite Claudine Longet, Rhetoric was granted the exclusive rights to interview the dead Sabich. Cleveland Upright, a renowned Rhetoric writer, questioned the deceased Spider at his burial grounds in Aspen, Colorado.



Well, quite naturally Spider, the questions that linger on the public's mind concern your tumultuous affair with Claudine Longet and the tragic events leading up to your unfortunate death. It is rumored, Spider, that Claudine's tart tongue and aloofness had caused irrevocable damage to your fragile "affaire de coeur" and that you were about to dump the broad. Is this true?

Spider, what was Claudine Longet like in the sack?

Will you ever ski again, Spider?

Thank you very much, Spider, for your time and effort. You have removed all doubts as to that day and it's unfortunate events. It has been a pleasure.

I wish you the same.

Of course, lingering in the wings of this glamorous affair was the ex-husband and close companion of your mistress Claudine Longet, Andy Williams. What sort of a relationship did you have with Andy and did you like his singing?

Getting to the inevitable "coup de grace" Spider, what really transpired on that fatal day? Was it indeed as Claudine Longet proports it to be, an accidental mishap occuring while you jested in merriment and tom-foolery with a loaded pistol; or did she conceive and carry out a devious, devilish plot and viciously gunned you down in cold blood?



C O R N E R P O E T S



KING OF CLUBS

Was it love that whispered
thru the open windows
of your '55 Chevy
at the double feature drive-in;
or was it some kid
wanting to wash the windshield?

Was it romance that stirred
our passion's own fire
as Dracula sucked blood
on the huge white screen;
or was it Colt-45
in 8 oz. cans we guzzled
then tossed to the ground.

Remember all your promises
made in hazy summer
on deserted midnite beaches
as we tossed on a wool blanket
chilled by sea breezes
and infested by sand fleas.

You wanted me then
ponytail, pimples and all
you needed me then
with my dime store job
you were gentle then
so careful not to scratch me
with your boot buckles.

What happened to our love
that grew that crazy summer
when we went "all the way"
to New Jersey on the Pike
on that damned Honda
in the pouring rain.

What happened to our youth
the sodas at "Sad Charlies"
the agonizing problems
like what to do on Saturday nite
and borrowing Daddy's car
and touching each other.

I see you now a stranger
white collar and blue suit
I reach out and am alone
stuck in perennial braces
and smelly bobby socks
listening to Buddy Holly
on a busted phonograph.

WHY DO I LOVE YOU OR LOVE IV

by Debbie Darling

I love you so much my love
I love you more than food
more than money
more than my arm

I love you because you are good,
I love you because you are clean,
You are so good my love,
You are so clean.

I love you a lot.

THE COFFIN

by Chaim Notlisa

Oh Adolph Hitler
Can you hear me sigh now,
like Poland?
I need the passion of the mushroom
brown, bruised, blistered and burning
like Hiroshima.
A laughing yellow man
Smoking a cigarette and eating a chocolate
bar

by a blood gorged river.
Oh red fish swim best in blood,
my dear Adolph,
but I drown in y our showers,
like Dachau.
Can you know the snowmen built by Stalins
children?
Can you see me now crying Chinese laundry
tears?
Do you know my brother-in-law Sidney?

Like Auschwitz,
I go away if you close your eyes.

WHY?

by Debbie Darling

Why is the sea green?
Why is the sky blue?
Why is the earth round?
Why are you, you?

Why is war so bloody?
Why isn't everyone free?
Why is everybody crying?
Why am I, me?

Why is happiness so short?
Why do people lie?
Why is life so short?
Why, oh why, do we die?

Why am I so fat and ugly?
Why isn't my house a home?
Why don't I have a boy friend?
Why the hell did I write this poem?

THE GROCERY LIST: A BALLAD

By Ian McGeorge

Oh my fair lover
I prayeth that thou hath not forgotten
to journey forth to Aberdeen Market Place
to barter and buy:

potatoes,
chipped beef,
onions,
flour,
and lye soap.

oh yes, and some tea and perhaps
cranberries.

THE FUNERAL DIRGE OF J. PRUNE FLINTLOCK

by J.Q. Idelnot

Let us go then, he and you
when the coudung is spread out against the
barn
Like an inchworm struck atop another
inchworm
Let us go, through half-deserted brains
the muttering manaics
of restless feet in one-night cheap shoes
and windmill dress shops with toenails
Oh, do not ask, "Where am I?"
Let us go and make our duties

In the room the women go and come
Talking of Guthrie, on the bum

And indeed there will be moments
for the fruits that prowl the streets
rubbing their backs against each other
there will be moments, moments, figments
to put your face in their face by the door
and the days will be nightbirds on silver
and something flying will drop it on your
plate
and a hundred hallucinations and vast
visions
before the talking of Pelham one two three

In the room the women go and come
Talking of Guthrie, on the bum

No, stupid, I am not Prince Charles, nor
myself
as you and your cartoonists meant me to be
I sell insurance and start scenes in bars
and advise the barmaid and other such fools
So subserviant, glad to be always used
Syphilitic, collicky and gouty-ridiculous
full of high meat, and a bit obese
at times, almost sensible, indeed
Almost, for gardens, a tool

I grow tall. . . I grow fat
I shall wear the tops of my teeth rolled

Shall I part me behind with air? Do I dare
belch?
I shall wear white cotton underwear and
walk on water
I have heard the hounds howling, bitch to
bitch

I do not think that they will attack me. . .
damn it

We have lingered in the chambers of the pot
By sea-suckers wrapped with red white and
blue algae
Till inhuman squeals of pigs awake us and
we run amock

GREEN FROG

[A Haiku poem]
by Muriel Gwohill

The huge green frog croaks,
scurries from his naive pond
and eats Tokyo.

They ran and lost

It is a customary ritual to appropriate commendations to the winners, *les gagnants*, of an election; but what about those pitiful unfortunates who courageously risked their heads on the electioneering chopping block and lost? Do they not at least deserve some slight, public mention as reward for their trials and tribulations? Rhetoric does not agree that to only the victor belongs the spoils; and so in fulfilling that merciful philosophy, we at Rhetoric do hereby compliment and salute those unsuccessful candidates of the recent SGA elections.



W. JENNINGS BRYAN

Unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency of the SGA Executive Board.

W. Jennings, or "Jenny" as he is affectionately called by fellow members of the Homophile Union of Montachusets, constructed his campaign platform around his opportunistic but vague promise to bus Philodemics to the Zabu Game Preserve of Swahililand. A bitter reactionary, W. Jennings advocated the return of Doug Hebb to the womb. Bryan's furious campaign for the SGA presidency was unexpectedly derailed, however, by his untimely and unsportsmanlike muckraking tactics. His defeat became unavoidable and inevitable after he publicly and viciously accused Wally King of eating gluttonous amounts of Kitty Litter. His remark that Bernie Shultz was nothing but a monkey marked the absolute low in an incredibly low campaign.



BERNARD J. SHULTZ III

Unsuccessful candidate for Presidency of the SGA Executive Board.

Editorship of Rhetoric
Lord of the Flies

Voted "most likely to be Bernie" by fellow members of SGA, Shultz was by far the tallest candidate in the recent elections.



RICHARD LaFRENNIERE

Unsuccessful candidate for the Vice Presidency of the SGA Executive Board.

Richie, an undaunted optimist and a great kid, wanted very much to "help get F. S. C. out of the doldrums and make it a great, great college". An industrious, diligent "nice-guy", Richie launched a tremendously active, positive campaign for the vice-presidency. Loved by all, Richie appeared to be a shoe-in for the victory. But as that old saying goes — "Elections are always predictably unpredictable", and soon the tide turned on Richie. His chances were all but wiped out when he died in an tragic and sensational automobile accident in Lunenburg. His loyal followers valiantly attempted to continue the campaign but it was no use. Richie lost by a substantial margin.



SPAM

Unsuccessful candidate for Treasurer of the SGA Executive Board.

A brilliant political tactician, Spam knew that the only way he could challenge the incumbent Ron Gonthier, would be by allowing the race to become a personality contest. After a wild free-swinging campaign and 17 recounts of the ballot results, Gonthier edged Spam by a single vote.



Strictly Personals

Mimsy
Squirrel Girl, Belch Queen, and Bambi
Tits can't hold a candle to you, babe.
Zippy-Zoo-Za

Mimsy
You are so good
you are so clean
I love you a lot.

Debbie Darling

Mimsy
Full many flower is born to blush unseen
and waste its sweetness on the desert air.
Gray

To the nurd who took me literally and sat
on my lunch when I said, "sit on it". I can
only say. . . I hope a panther with diarrhea
eats your favorite Fleetwood Mac album
then turns on you in heat.

To the girl who blinked at me when I took
her picture in the steambath; you look awful
without your clothes on.

Signed: Photo Genic

Mimsy
You are pissah. What a wicked time you
are!

Wally Babe



Annabelle Lucier

800-272-2577

(TOLL FREE)
An Anonymous Information Service

To Party Pooper: Why did you leave before
everyone got ptomaine poisoning?
Signed: Dr. Jekyll

Mimsy
Me and the boys wish to thank you. I dare
say, you did us right well.
The Leominster Elks Club

Mimsy
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if
you will.
But the scent of the roses will hang round
still.
Moore

To Neech, Bollo and Srunge: Have a happy
Easter
Love, the NastyNylons

Mimsy
What gives you people the God-damned
right to read other people's personals.
The Editor.

Societies (not to be referred to as fraternities or sororities)



'Nasty' sister pledges while suave shmo's look on

The Shmogawks held pledging today in their secret rooms located somewhere near the dormitory cafeteria, probably in the bowels of the boiler room, we cannot be sure. (Sources informed us recently, however, that certain unfamiliar rumblings could be heard coming from an area directly beneath #7 Boiler, and since this boiler has not yet erupted, one must assume that the noise has another source; hence, our suspicion as to the locale of the Shmogawks secret rooms.) Assignments, supposedly top secret have been listed for us, and even now an observant individual might notice the goings on and pick out the gentlemen who are trying for the coveted brotherhood. Look for a man with a chamberpot on his head; you probably don't want to do that, do you? Well, then, look for a man trying to swallow a grapefruit whole while performing an act of ventriloquism in Wesson (oil) and/or an act of perversion in same. At any rate, the hardest part of identifying a would-be Schmogawk is that one is at all times looking for a MAN; try looking for a boy. . . a little snotnose with kneebreeches looking longingly thru a toystore window. . . there you will find your Schmo. Once rushing (which we won't go into) and pledging (which we have described so

precisely) are over, three or four super-fortunate individuals who still have enough mental facility to answer yes or no to some final questions are welcomed into the society. The ceremony is moving (preferably out of the realm of rational adults) and important (much as counting toenails is important; or marrying two dead men is important; and when all of the pomp and circumstance is over. . . the new members are proud and pleased. . . not to mention relieved and amazed to be alive. The privileges afforded the elite Shmo's are much desired by all; they are allowed (they, and they alone, remember) to wear silly short jackets with secret greek letters on them; they may walk around with bald heads mushy sneakers and may sneer, look down their collective noses and otherwise scorn the rest of the school. To be a Schmogawk is to be one of a caring, concerned group of men; they care about themselves and are concerned with letting everyone know it. This useful and highminded group hold beer bashes in parking lots and occasionally engage in duels of male prowess (bottle throwing and kicking a man when he's down are popular sports) with a rival (no, sorry, co-existent) group called the Skylarks. The group also

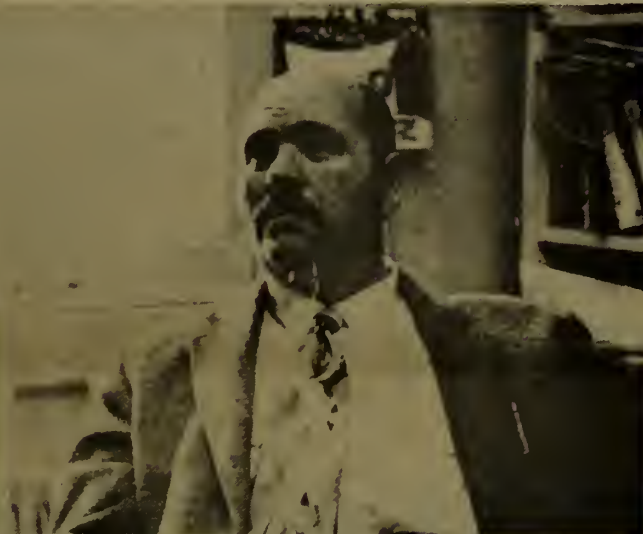
has closed dances, closed doors, and closed minds when any are present at all, and it is with the utmost respect that we extend the fickle finger to them and all of their counterparts here and across the country.

The Nasty Nylons, a sisterhood of lovelies functioning as a half-way house for dateless females here on campus, held its games this week to prove themselves foolish enough for membership. Looking more morose than elated, scores (about three) of chicks scuffed around the halls wearing gingham tablecloths, snowshoes and pink spoolies in their hair all week as pledge stunts. When questioned as to why she was wearing such a stunning outfit in the shower, one dorm student staunchly declared that she liked to dress this way. . . yes, even in the shower. When someone shook their head and expressed wonder at such shinanigans, a would-be sister punched her in the mouth and tearfully suggested that nobody but another Nasty Nylon could understand. After they are allowed membership, sisters sit around and watch soap operas together, complain about men (the lack of them) together and eat tons of strawberry shortcake and drink diet cola. . . together.

See the difference the day look can make



Donald Schmidt - Wet Head



Donald J. Schmidt - The Dry Look



Louis F. Krodel - Wet Head



Louis F. Krodel - The Dry Look



Dr. Frank Wolf - Wet Head



Dr. Frank Wolf - The Dry Look

the PEOPLE SPEAK...

Much ado has been made about what's wrong with F.S.C.; but what do you think is right and good at F.S.C.?



Holly Goode, Senior, Elementary Ed.

Like, I sort of, usually put down Fitchburg, you know, but down deep I kind of love it, you know. I have a lot of keen friends here and I really dig the pissah partying scene. I have had some wicked good fun here too, you know. Also, I think that, like, I have really kind of flowered as a person here. I like what I have become. I don't get laid much but then again nobody in Elementary Ed. does.

You know, this is actually, like, a pretty swell place.



Gregario Caldwell, Junior, Psychology

Fitchburg State is a wonderful place to grow a beard.

Intellectually, F. S. C. is so, so accessable and very, very much the embodiment of a naive schizophrenic society. This is good.

I have gotten laid quite a bit here. That is good too.

Finally, one must realize the principles of deferred gratification to fully appreciate the transient rewards of this institution. I know it sounds so Freudian but, it is mother.



Patricia Busante, Freshman, Special Ed.

I have a boyfriend, Wayne, back home.

I have nightmares about Herlihy Hall.

I want to join a sorority. I think everything will be great after that.

I go to all the all-college parties and I never get picked up, but I'm not bitter.

I am just a freshman but, still, I have my shit together.

I sleep in the raw; did you know that?



Walter Glick, Sophomore, Industrial Arts

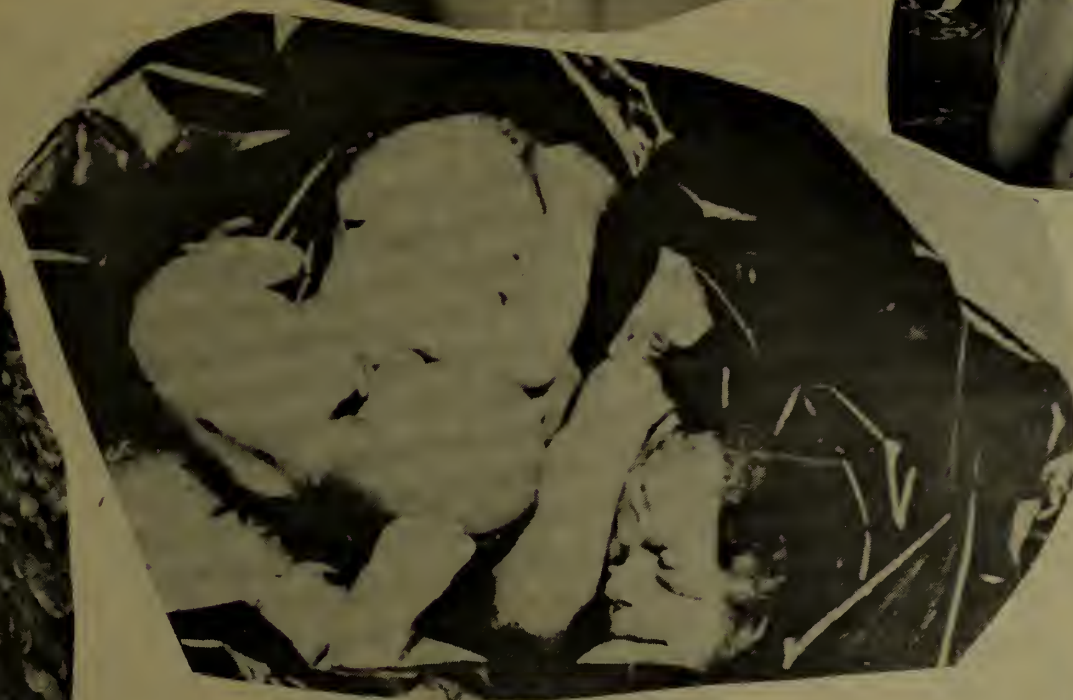
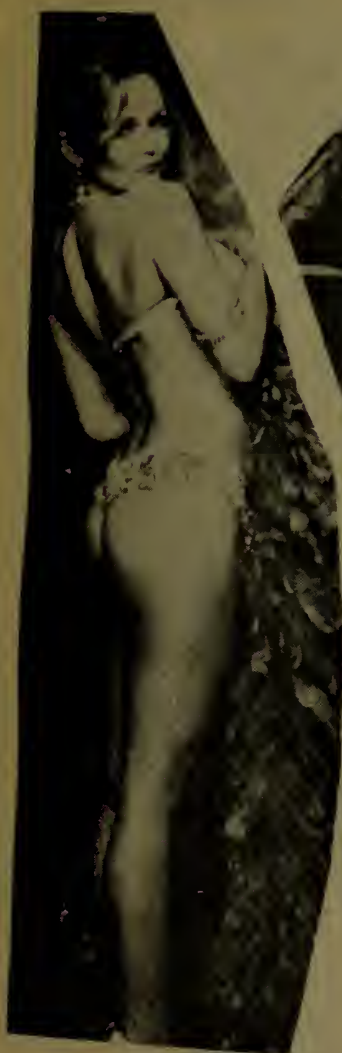
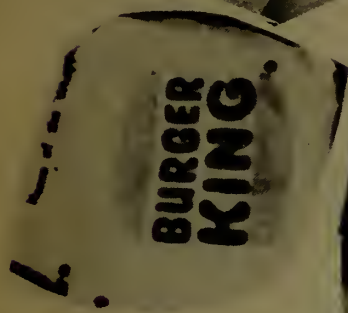
F.S.C. is really a good place for us guys in I.A. to be. When we get graduated from here we all should get jobs in schools. That I like. I like money. You need it to live.

It sounds kind of corny I know, but I think that I love Fitchburg State. Did you ever notice how it is constructed? It is very solid. Particularly the older buildings. Good I.A. principles went into those buildings.

Eat at our caf



Scenes from Federico Fellinni's upcoming film - Charybdis



Unleash the creative fires of your soul.



Join the Rhetoric Staff.

Cover the stories as
they happen.

The Rhetoric is on top
of the news whether it
concerns Fitchburg State's

powerful Student Government,



glamorous social life,



big time sports program,



revolutionary classrooms



or just the ordinary, everyday
occurrences on campus.



The next staff meeting is this Tuesday at 3 p.m. in our office in
the basement of Thompson Hall. Please attend. All are welcome.

WHAT THE CRITICS ARE SAYING ABOUT THE RHETORIC

"It is innovative, raw, belicose, inspirational, important, bovine, current,
outrageous, and just plain silly." — The Birmingham Brigadier

"It is a vital publication of American integrity. It is the voice of middle
America." — Bob Hope

"Je suis Truffaut." — Francoise Truffaut

"Don't miss it, even if you see nothing else this year. It is one of the
season's 10 best and may cop the big one at the Oscar ceremonies." — Rex Reed

"Never has the mood of a generation been captured so aptly nor so
emotionally. It is an amazingly breathtaking publication. The Rhetoric is by
far the best newspaper in America!" — The N.Y. Times

" — Harry S. Truman